Aldborough
1490. b.p. 73

DRAWCANSIR:

OR,

The Mock Reform.

AN HEROIC POEM.

DEDICATED TO

GORG. EDM. HOWARD, Esq.

——————huic ego vulgum
Errori ſimilem cunctum inſanire docebo.
Hor.

DUBLIN:
Printed by J. KENEY, Skinner-Row; and
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Epiſtle Dedicatory.

To GORG. EDM. HOWARD, Eſq;

'TIS the cuſtom of Authors their Patrons to raiſe,
By extolling their fame, with unmerited praiſe.
But the praiſes of others you well may excuſe;
As enough you have gain'd by the help of your Muſe;
And this I well know, to a man of your ſenſe,
That compliments fulſome would give you offence.
Yet Envy, that baſe, that malignant vile ſpirit,
Will conſtantly haunt every Poet of merit:
When Envy with rancour a SWIFT did purſue,
Pray why ſhould ſhe paſs by an Author like you?
You by dunces of Grub-ſtreet, with dirt are begrim'd
Be-ſpatter'd, be-epigram'd, abuſed and be-rhym'd;
That you while your plac'd on Parnaſſus' green height,
They wiſh to pull down, as they cannot come nigh it
This maxim is true, that, bad authors think fit,
Since they want it themſelves, to rob others of wit;
And men of true wit will bring fools on their back,
As robbers the rich, not the poor, will attack.

Thy Works, though intended for Charity's uſes,
Each witling attacks, and each ſcribbler traduces;
Their wanton abuſe, and the dearth of good taſte,
Has hinder'd thoſe works from being ſold off in haſte.

But

But, courage, good Sir, and write on for the ſtage;
Though your plays be not acted in this ſtupid age,
And the ſtage is deficient in actors of merit,
Thy diction to grace with true action and ſpirit,
In times more enlightn'd, pale Envy ſhall die,
And then an *Almeyda* with *Hamlet* may vie.
Thus SHAKESPEARE for ages neglected had lain,
'Till taſte was reviv'd, and he ſaw light again.
Though pity and taſte are both fled from this Iſle,
And Printers and Hoſpitals ſuffer a while,
Though with writings of authors their garrets are full,
It proves that the age not the writers are dull;
And tho' works ſhould remain on the bookſellers ſhelves,
The faults, not in them, but in readers themſelves.

And now to this Work, I requeſt you'll be Patron:
As virgins in public look out for a matron,
So young authors, like me, who are conſcious of ſhame,
Would be proud of a matron eſtabliſhed in fame:
A matron I chooſe, not with feathers, but bays,
One chaſter, I ween, than *Peg Plunket* to *Hayes*;
Though it is to be fear'd, that poetic old ſinners
Would be fond to entice unexperienc'd beginners.

But my Muſe, at a loſs, is all over confuſion,
How to bring this epiſtle at length to concluſion.
I need not aſſure you, the Muſe is your friend,
(As the Nine muſt for ever at your beck attend;)
And, as mine of old cuſtom is ſtill moſt obſervant,
She concludes, with reſpect,

Your affectionate Servant.

DRAWCANSIR

DRAWCANSIR:

OR,

The Mock Reform.

IN troubleſome and crazy times,
When whiggiſh principles were crimes;
When politicians, ſmall and ſcurvy,
Would turn the nation topſey turvey;
When men confounded good and bad,
And all became *Reform-mad*;
When Papiſts leagued with Covenanters,
And Judas all Religion banters,
And calls it *liberal ſentiment*,
To give up Church and Parliament.
Then Proteſtants did ſound the *alarm*,
That Papiſts as brigades ſhould arm,
Enroll themſelves as Volunteers,
To ſtir up jealouſies and fears;

When Delegates of their creation,
Dare mix in work of *Reformation*,
And enter into high debate,
To patch and mend the Church and State.
Then did a Knight, of paſſing worth,
The great DRAWCANSIR, ſally forth;
A choſen Delegate he came,
Alike in honour and in fame.

Forth from thoſe cold and diſtant regions,
Where bluſtring *Boreas* rules his legions,
Our val'rous Knight advanc'd with ſpeed,—
Not on the back of ſturdy ſteed,
Like antient Knights, when they did enter
On any great or ſtrange adventure;—
Knights go in *coaches* now for eaſe,
And not like thoſe of former days.
The laws of chivalry require,
That every Knight ſhould have his Squire.
Thus, Don Quixote of Le Mancha,
Had for his ſquire good Sancho Pancha;
And while the Don beſtrid his nag,
Sancho on Dapple did not lag.
In Hudibras 'tis ſaid, that Ralph,
Was juſtly held his other half;
But Sir Drawcanſir ſcorn'd to hire,
A low companion for a ſquire;
Our knight in pomp and ſhew delights,
And march'd eſcorted by his knights;
In grand parade and ſtate he comes,
With martial ſound of trumpets, drums;—

But,

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But, as life guards do ſometimes wait,
Only to ſhew a prince's ſtate;
Yet may that prince, to ſhew his power,
Make them guard traytors to the tower.
But theſe did on the knight attend,
To guard his perſon and befriend;
They were a body ſtout and able,
Like Arthurs knights of the *round table.*
With no leſs courage and renown,
They did attend him up to town,
Where, like the hoſpitable mouſe,
Of Horace, he kept open houſe:
Invited by their gen'rous hoſt,
They feaſt and revel, at free coſt;
On cuſtards, puddings and good things,
They live like ſons of Iriſh Kings,
And truſt their bayonets into pies,
As if they were their enemies.
With claret burgundy and champagne,
They made a moſt illuſtr'ous campaign.

But, here, we muſt regret, with pity,
That this poor Knight, ſo blithe and witty,
Had, it is whiſper'd, ſore defects,
In what they call his intellects:
When madneſs ſeizes on the brain,
Reaſon cannot her ſeat maintain;
But, like a wild and ſtubborn horſe,
It throws the rider off by force:
In madmen, freakiſh fits and ſtarts,
Will often paſs for wit and parts;

As,

As lead, when melted, does appear,
As bright as quick-ſilver and clear.
Madneſs does break down all the fence,
Between the fool and man of ſenſe.
As china and earthen ware are found,
Alike, if crack't to loſe their ſound.
In lunatics 'tis hard to know,
Whether they e'er had ſenſe or no.

And here 'tis fit we lay it down,
What brought this valiant knight to town.
Why he did quit his houſe and home,
In ſearch of chivalry to roam.
But now we muſt invoke a muſe,
For faſhion's ſake, as poets uſe,
That ſhe may help me now to firſt tell,
The origin of all this buſtle.
Thou, who with porter did'ſt inſpire,
Thy Houlton at a tap-room fire;
And mad'ſt him quit the trade of quack,
To ſet his poor brain on the rack.
To furniſh madrigals and ſmart odes,
And deal out eſſays by the cart-loads.
Suttonian arts you made him quit,
And killing men, to murder wit.
You often times his genius prop,
By jugg of punch and mutton chop;
At the magpie in Eſſex-ſtreet,
Where the court writers always meet,
To revel and regale upon,
Much better draughts than Helicon, —

Come

Come, leave his garret for a time,
Lend me his verſe and doggrel rhyme;
And let the nice diſcerning court
Want for a while his great ſupport.

The muſe invok'd, we now may trace,
The time, occaſion, and the place;
And tell the wond'rous origin,
Whence this combuſtion did begin;
And ſhew the ſpirit and intention,
Of what they call'd the Grand Convention.

The Puritans, a reſtleſs faction,
Ripe ever for rebellious action;
Did now reſolve with pious zeal,
To overturn the common-weal:
But, doubtful of their ſingle ſtrength,
Determined to go every length,
Their point to gain at any rate,
With Papiſts they confederate:
Then ſummon their whole party—greeting,
And at Dungannon hold a meeting;
And there they open wide their throats,—
To give their Popiſh brethren *votes*.
The Papiſts, unreſtrained by laws,
Moſt readily eſpous'd the cauſe,
And, from their penal ſhackles free,
Hark'd to the cry of Liberty.
Shew'd a like zeal and ſtrong deſire,
To kindle up rebellion's fire,

And, on pretence of reformation,
To ſcatter firebrands through the nation;
And ſwore they would pull down that Church,
Whoſe members left it in the lurch.

As when two wolves, intent on prey,
Do prowl about by night and day,
And watch their time to kill the ſheep,
When dogs and ſhepherds are aſleep.
So theſe two parties, thus combin'd,
Were by their mutual intereſt joined,
'Till their points gained, are fond and civil;
Then—wiſh each other at the Devil.

There alſo was another ſet,
Whom I have never mentioned yet;
Who willingly did join with thoſe,
Viz. Popery's *pretended* foes;
Who, under ſuperſtition's cloak,
Laugh at religion as a joke.
We often hear Rome's champions able,
Tell us religion is a fable,
Invented by the politicians,
To fright the people like magicians.
'Tis the pert wit of every fool,
All ſacred truths to ridicule;
Of humour it is held the teſt,
At ſerious things to ſcoff and jeſt,
And then for pardon place their hope
On abſolution from the Pope.

When

When I eſpy a booby far gone,
In all the modern Deiſt's jargon;
I do not wonder with what ſpeed,
He plumps into the Popiſh creed:
For Papiſts and Deiſts link together,
Like flocks of wild geeſe in hard weather.
As Tindal, once, with vile intent,
Was by Rome's court to England ſent,
On miſſion from that holy ſee,
To root out *Chriſtianity*;
To prove by lying information,
It was as old as the creation;
Thus, to perform the work of Hell,
And make each fool an infidel,
And, when he ſpread the infernal creed,
Got abſolution for the deed.
Then he did, they muſt acknowledge,
Retire into the Jeſuits' College.

CANTO II.

ON the world's great ſtage, that play
Of Shakeſpeare 's, acted every day:
For, what men act, whate'er they do,
Is, " *about Nothing much ado.*"
And this remark we do not mention,
Applied alone to the Convention;
But we ſhall find it verified,
If plac'd to all the world beſide.

We think it proper now to tell,
What at Dungannon Town befell.
This mighty and important Congreſs
Did iſſue out an order expreſs,
That Delegates from corps be ſent,
To form a mock Rump Parliament,
Which, by a term of new invention,
They pompous ſtil'd the Grand Convention:
This they adjourned to meet in town,
To pull the conſtitution down;
A noble edifice to raze,
And build a cabin in its place.
When, black as ſweep-chimney, Dame Night
(Whoſe ſable viſage hides the light,)
Had ſneak'd and ſtolen off apace,
The morning ſhew'd its ruddy face,
And Phœbus quitted blanket bay,
To uſher in th' important day;
When they did meet at New Exchange
From thence in order to arrange,
There they agreed, *nem con.* to meet
At the Round Houſe in Britain-ſtreet,

Near where the beggars drop their brats,
Where ſhrill Italians ſquall like cats.
Suppoſe we now a grand proceſſion
Of every order and profeſſion,
Knights, Farmers, Commoners and Peers,
Lawyers and cleric Volunteers: —
This motley group did flock together,
Though birds of different ſize and feather.
Reform itch drew in all parties,
Strong as the vortex of Des Cartes.
The mob did give them praiſes due;
The reaſon's plain—the ſight was new;
And Papiſts ſaid their *ave mari'*,
That their deſigns ſhould not miſcarry.

But that which form'd the ſtrangeſt ſight,
Was, to behold our zealous Knight;
So much of Delegation proud,
That he paraded with the croud;
Did condeſcend to march on foot,
And with much glee did ſtare and ſtrut.
And here we ſhall beſtow our verſe on
His dreſs, his figure, and his perſon:—
His body, ſuited to his mind,
Was rather of the *little* kind;
His hair, like modern cleric Beaus,
Was nicely curl'd into rows;
The Knight was ſaid, in this parade,
Truly to be in maſquerade;
That purple coat, and caſſock ſhort,
Were then put on by way of ſport,

And

And that a ſcarlet coat and veſt,
Would anſwer the occaſion beſt.

A Dominick, thus, in hoſtile manner,
Did wave the Inquiſition's banner;
And from a Monk, did Soldier turn,
Poor Heretics to catch and burn.

After being gaz'd at by the rabble,
They now arriv'd to prate and ſquabble.
Papiſts in th' ſhape of Delegates,
Did enter into hot debates;
And all their friends, with tongue and fiſt,
On right of ſuffrage did inſiſt;
Said it would kindle up old embers,
If Papiſts could not vote for Members;
They even dar'd to threaten hard,
If in this point they were debarr'd—
Thoſe very Papiſts, whom the law,
Had hitherto kept under claw,
'Till *Wigblock*, brib'd by Popiſh gold,
The Proteſtant Religion ſold;
Sent from the Caſtle many a note,
Inſtructing Members how to vote;
And meſſages to Members ſent,
To repeal their laws in Parliament,
Unmuzzl'd and unchain'd the Bear,
And let him looſe to hug and tear:
Better to have kept thoſe laws,
And left the Bear to ſuck his paws.

Their virtuous Chairman did prevent,
This Grand Convention's fell intent,

He

He warded off the Popiſh ſtorm,
And kept them only to *reform.*

As, from a cloud that's foul and black,
The lightnings flaſh, the thunders crack,
Yet will enſue no farther harm,
Than ſome old ſinners to alarm,
Who ſuddenly reſolve to amend
Thinking the world is at an end:
Or, as a Cat, foretelling rain,
May waſh her face, but all in vain,
No change of weather we may fear,
Unleſs ſhe waſh behind her ear:
Or, as tame Geeſe may cackle loud,
And the rain vaniſh in a cloud;
So, after all their rout and fuſs,
Their Popiſh projects paſs'd off thus.

'Twould tire the reader to relate,
The ſum of all their idle prate,
Or tell the fooliſh vain debates,
Of theſe important Delegates:—
How they made a Reformation thorough,
In knocking off each *rotten Borough*;
That incorruption to tranſplant,
To others, which themſelves did want.

And here, we ſhall digreſs a moment,
On this Reform to make a comment.
It was an *Ignis Fatuus*, lighted
To bewilder the benighted;

A trap,

A trap, that's baited thick with lies,
To catch the vulgar by ſurprize;
A ſham pretence, to ſet us free
From baleful ariſtocracy,
And to themſelves transfer the power
A hapleſs nation to devour,
To gratify their ardent wiſhes
Of ſharing in the *loaves* and *fiſhes*.
This was a new improvement made,
Of cunning in the patriot trade;
And by this bait the mob were taken,
As rats are caught by cheeſe or bacon,
To make them work their own undoing,
And be ſelf inſtruments of ruin.
We always ſee that patriot jobbers,
When they have power, are wicked robbers.
Apoſtates do the dirtieſt work
As Renegade is worſe than Turk.

Had I, my Muſe, an hundred tongues,
A heart of ſteel and brazen lungs,
'Twould not be poſſible to tell,
The hundredth part of what befell:—
How, in confuſion and diſorder,
They often cried—"To Order!—Order!"
To clear the Houſe, they loud repeated,
When not a creature e'er retreated.
They order'd, on diviſions, that,
Each Member ſhould put on his hat;
Thus apeing all that pageantry,
You in the Houſe of Commons ſee.

In

In ſhort, their hurry, ſtrife and noiſe
Reſembled that of idle boys,
Whom cruel maſters keep from play,
Refuſing to give holiday;
Who, after an inceſſant rout,
Try the point by barring out.

The audience, now, 'tis time to mention,
Who came in crouds to this Convention.
As, when a rogue, who can't eſcape,
Is on his trial for a rape,
Women and children, men and all,
Will preſs to ſee the criminal;
Ev'ry court avenue and paſſage,
Is cramm'd and ſtuft up, like a ſauſage:—
Juſt ſo, the people did ſurround
Theſe Delegates, like ſheep in pound;
Mounted on benches, tables, ſtools,
To ſee in Winter April fools,
This preſſing croud, by cauſing heat,
Increas'd the fervour of debate;
Help'd to augment the fermentation,
Of madneſs to reform the nation.
Juſt as a dunghill, whoſe contents
Are cloſe compacted, oft ferments;
And, though compoſed of dung and mire,
It ſends forth ſmoak from hidden fire: —
Or, as, when gunpowder is cramm'd,
In paſteboard cartridges, and ramm'd,
Theſe crackers, when fir'd off for ſport,
Will bounce, and ſmell, and make report.

Many,

Many, that could not hear nor ſee,
Yet crouded there for novelty;
Some to hear news, and ſome to walk,
And Ladies went in droves—to talk;
For, who e'er knew a female creature,
That was a liſt'ner by her nature,
When chat went forward, could forbear,
To have at leaſt a neighbour's ſhare.

I hope the Muſe will not be weary,
To ſay a word of great O'L—y! —
Struck by ambition and ſtrange fancies,
Behold the Brother of St. Francis;
See him advance, in grand parade,
With arms reſted by brigade;
Saluted by this Popiſh troop,
He makes his entry *Cock-a-hoop*;
Forgets his habit and his cowl,
And ſits among them cheek by jowl.
This would be counted monſtrous pride,
In any *Mendicant* beſide;
But, in a Monk of *rare ability*,
It was true *Catholic* humility.

Our Knight, miſled by ſhow and pomp
Which ſet his fancy on the romp,
As poor Don Quixote, by falſe ken,
Took flocks of ſheep for armed men:
So this Knight thought the Delegates
Superior to the three eſtates
Of Lords, the Commons, and the King,
And competent to any thing.

But,

But, whether he was right or no,
The ſequel did compleatly ſhew.
All their reſolves, and all their pains,
All the fine cobwebs of their brains,
Were by a Houſe of Commons flouted;
And all their *Grand Reform* was *ſcouted!*

This rude repulſe much mortify'd
Convention's dignity and pride:
For, as we ſee an air balloon,
From *emptineſs*, to mount up ſoon,
Then move with ſpeed, and bound, and fly,
And ſeem a Meteor in the ſky,
Until, compreſs'd by denſer air,
The frail materials crack and tear,
Then, with a rapid, ſudden bound,
It tumbles headlong to the ground:
So, after all their toil and trouble,
Their *Grand Reform* prov'd a *bubble*,
Blown up by breath of vulgar fools,
Of glozing knaves the conſtant tools.

Our Knight march'd home in doleful dump,
And to the Senate turn'd his rump.
As when a man, who loſt his cauſe,
Curſes attornies and the laws;
And, when he ſums up all his coſt,
With all his time and labour loſt,
He then reſolves, on any ſcore,
Never to trouble juſtice more.

FINIS.

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